The PULPIT

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Contributed by Readers of THE PULPIT

A Warning to America

Shortly after the fall of France there was published in a New York paper a letter written by a French workingman which read as follows: "We have lacked an idea. We came to imagine that the proper duty of man was to arrange an easy way of life, individualistic to the point of selfishness. We saw no farther than the village pump. We looked upon the State as a universal purveyor, and we always spoke of our due, seldom of our duties . . . and imagined that the State would prove an everlasting milch cow. Tell this to the Americans and warn them at the same time of the peril that may befall democracy everywhere when it forgets that free men have duties as well as rights."—*H. Richard Rasmusson, Blackburn College, Carlinville, Ill.*

'If Men Were Christians—'

Ambassador W. E. Dodd said: "I have come slowly to recognize the insincerity of people who call themselves Christians. If men were Christians, there would be no war."

Pearl Buck relates her conversation with a man from India, in which she asked the question, "How is the Christian church regarded in your country?" He replied: "Christ we revere increasingly. I think Jesus Christ has come to India to stay. But the church? We will never accept it." "Surely," said Mrs. Buck, "the Christians have done good things in India." Then the man from India thought for a few seconds, and said: "Surely the Christians have done some good things. But they were Christians first, and insofar as they were Christians first, they denied by their actions the church and its ways."—*Chaplain James D. Young, Miami, Fla.*

'The Great Design'

Ordinarily the scientist does not try to explain why "the wheels" go round. He is content to show how they go round. But ten years ago a book appeared in which a group of scientists, American, British and Continental, give a spiritual interpretation of nature. The book is entitled *The Great Design.* It is a heartening book. No, these scholars declare, the universe is not a huge mechanism that grinds its soulless way. There is a plan. Says one of these learned writers, "What I find is one great scheme from top to bottom, from first to last." Says another, "Something spiritual penetrates nature and manifests itself in the universe." A third states his position thus: "Plan and design in organic nature, plan and design in mind; these words express the final conclusions of modern biology and modern psychology." And a fourth concludes the book by paraphrasing scripture: "In the beginning was Mind, and the Mind was with God and the Mind was God; and without Mind was there nothing made that was made."—*N. A. McCune, Peoples Church, East Lansing, Mich.*

'He Laid Down His Life For His Friend'

It was in mid-March down in the El Guettar sector. We had taken over a position from another battalion. For two days our men were subjected to a steady artillery barrage from the enemy. At last it was decided to withdraw to the next ridge. The order was given and we began to withdraw. As anyone knows who has been in battle, movement always betrays positions. So, as we began to pull out, the artillery increased in intensity. One company out in the vanguard had the most difficult time. The men who could, ran out over the ridge as fast as they could. The aid men helped out the wounded. At long last the company commander and his aid men were behind the ridge. They looked out and saw that all were safely evacuated and were ready to move farther back when they heard a cry. One man still lay in his slit-trench. The company commander didn't think it possible to save him. The aid man refused to go away while there was still one in need. Unhesitatingly, without thought of his own safety, he dashed out through the withering barrage to the side of the wounded man. He began to administer first aid. As we looked, dust covered them and two men were added to the Kingdom Triumphant. That aid man saw another in need and he sacrificed himself to help. "He laid down his life for his friend."—*C. Umhau Wolf, 1st Lt. Chaplaincy Corps, National Lutheran Council.*

Barney Ross on Church Unity

After a terrible night on Guadalcanal, Barney Ross, famous prize fighter and now a marine, told of an awful moment in the early morning when he had fired his last shot in defense of his three severely wounded buddies:

"We were praying: somehow you learn to out there whether you know how or not. And you don't care who hears you either. In a lull in that whistling hell, I heard all our voices and realized we were all praying. I was praying to the Jewish God. Atkins, my pal with the mangled leg in the nearest foxhole, was praying to the Baptist God. The kid with a hole in his body and the middle finger of his right hand stuck in it to stop the flow of blood was praying to the Catholic God. The guy with his shoulder almost torn off, who was something else, was praying to his God.

"Suddenly I realized a strange thing: we were all praying to the same God. We were all using about the same words, asking for the same things—that if the Japs came, death would be quick; that our folks would be all right, and the rest of the company. And it struck me that there was no real difference between us at all; just a little on the surface. And I couldn't help but wonder if people have to come so close as that to death to realize that we are all on the same side and all trying to get to the same place!"—*From the Bulletin of All Souls' Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

What God Meant to Tagore

Bishop Oxnam was in India some years ago and spent a day with the poet Tagore. He said to the poet, "What does God mean to you?" and he received this answer: "One morning, when I was a small boy, my father took me into the jungle before the sun was up. We stood there together in the darkness. My father told me that the sweet-smelling earth was God's, that he was in it and had created it. The light began to filter down through the leaves of the trees, and my father told me it was God in the light, and that he was the light, that he had created the light so that I might behold the beauties of the world. Then the birds began to sing, and my father turned to me and said: "My boy, you are living in God's world of harmony and beauty. I want you to promise me that you will never strike a harsh or discordant note." Then he added quietly, "That is what God means to me."—*N. A. McCune, Peoples Church, East Lansing, Mich.*

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The Pulpit

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

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Thanksgiving for the Things Which Endure

BY VICTOR M. RHEIN

Give thanks to the Lord of hosts, for he is good, for his loving kindness endureth forever. Jeremiah 33:11.

ONE of the characteristic marks of a Christian is his constant attitude of thanksgiving. Gratitude is the Christian's indispensable privilege.

We have come to see that the attitude of thanksgiving is necessary for the appreciation of life's richest blessings. The most grateful people are the most appreciative people. The most grateful people draw the most friends. In a sermon many years ago, Henry Ward Beecher said: "If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me that there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes and search for them with my clumsy fingers and never detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep it through that dish of sand, and that magnet would draw those tiny particles of iron to it through the power of its attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings, only the iron in God's hand is gold!"

The gratitude of our hearts is the magnet that pulls from the sands of time the things many seek. But only by the exercise of the fine art of thankfulness will they be found.

As one surveys the religious literature of the ages he discovers how characteristic thanksgiving is to religious spirits. Back of Christianity is the Psalms. Jeremy Taylor once observed: "Every furrow in the Book of Psalms is sown with the seed of thanksgiving." Jesus could say: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth." Paul admonished his Christian converts time and again to be thankful to God for "being enriched in everything unto all liberality." "In everything give thanks," he wrote. Paul commonly assumed that the true Christian temper is the mood of thanksgiving. The Christian has received a great salvation. For that he is constantly grateful. He holds a great hope and nothing can daunt him in his efforts to realize it.

If you knew the things for which a person is most grateful you would hold in your hand the key to the interpretation of that personality. Epictetus once remarked: "In truth we thank the Gods for that wherein we place our happiness." There are some whose happiness is so dependent upon material things that only in times of prosperity can they give thanks. But the spiritually minded can give thanks without prosperity. Paul, who suffered adversity if anyone ever did, could reflect all through his many Epistles a note of deep gratitude and could counsel, "In everything give thanks."

Jeremiah, another great spirit who suffered severely for his convictions and had no prosperous or easy life, suggested that the real ground for thanksgiving is in the things that endure. "Give thanks to the Lord of hosts, for he is good, for his loving kindness endureth forever." Prosperity is transient. It may be here today and gone tomorrow. But there are some things which are enduring.

II

Let us consider some of the enduring things for which we should be thankful. Consider, for one thing, the loving kindness of God which endures forever. From the day of creation through century after century God has nurtured man with a love that passes all understanding. Man may ignore that love. He may go counter to its promptings, but God still continues in his loving kindness. God may send an only son to show men a new and higher way, and men may mock the love which even leads the Son of God to a cross; yet God redeems man by that selfsame cross. In that strange man upon the cross God reveals his heart, he extends forgiveness, and throws light upon our dark ways. In men and women who accept the way of life revealed in Christ God still brings shafts of light to dark places of the earth. Indeed, his loving kindness is the most durable thing in the universe. And for it we give thanks. As we give our thanks we open the windows of our souls for a deeper appreciation of the love which over and around us lies.

Consider another enduring thing for which we should give thanks—the execution of divine justice. Robert Louis Stevenson once exclaimed: "I believe in the ultimate decency of things; aye, and would believe it if I woke in hell." Sometimes this interpretation of history is difficult to accept for it appears that the unrighteous prosper at the expense of the righteous. But historians insist that while the mills of the gods grind slowly they grind exceedingly fine. The great historian, Thomas Carlyle, once said: "Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two, but it is sure as life, it is sure as death! In the center of the world-whirlwind, verily now as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God.

The great soul of the world is *just.*" Froude insists upon the same fact. He says: "One lesson, and only one, history may be said to repeat with distinctness: that the world is built somehow upon moral foundations; that in the long run, it is well with the good; in the long run it is ill with the wicked."

Sometimes we grow discouraged in our efforts. We fear that what we do for the good of the world is being counteracted by the evil of others. And because their evil is so much greater in proportion to the feeble good we do, we lose heart. But we thank God that in the nature of the universe as he created it there is an ultimate decency of things—a divine justice which is continuously executed even though we may not see it. With this testimony of the historians of the ultimate decency of things we thank God.

Consider another enduring thing—the persistence of the creative urge in man which never allows him to grow satisfied with things as they are but insists upon continual improvement. One of the chief qualities which distinguishes man from the animals is his constant urge to improve upon his conditions. He is incorrigibly dissatisfied with things as they are and is ever seeing visions of a better way. For that creative urge we give thanks. As a result of its promptings slavery has been uprooted, man has won new freedom, woman has won new rights in the world, and the conditions of our life have been tremendously improved.

Our gratitude as Americans is exceedingly great because of this creative urge. At this season of the year we remember the expression it took in our Pilgrim Fathers who were dissatisfied with their old life and set sail on August 20, 1620, from Plymouth, England. Their little one-hundred-twenty-ton-capacity ship made the storm-tossed and perilous voyage across the uncharted sea in two months. We who cross the Atlantic in a few days in a streamlined floating palace, and who now contemplate crossing it by air in a few hours, cannot begin to imagine the discomforts of the Mayflower. Furthermore, they arrived when the autumn colors were already upon the trees. Ahead of them was a winter in which one-half of the colony was to die from the rigors of climate and the ravages of disease. When the spring finally broke the captain of the returning Mayflower offered free passage to any one who would return. But not a single soul sought space.

Those forefathers of ours believed their cause was just. They were here to carve out a new way of life. And the greatness of this country is not only a result of their creative urge to seek its shores but likewise a result of the creative urge of their children and their children's children to create a way of freedom and a nation of justice and righteousness.

But we feel great gratitude for this creative urge in man not only as Americans but also as citizens of the world. The major geographical frontiers of the world have been conquered. But even more challenging frontiers exist in realms of world proportion. We are grateful for the creative urge in man today because of the way in which it expresses itself in the movement toward peace. Men and nations are tired of war with its death and destruction from which but little good ever results. In all lands and in all places the will of the people is demanding of world leaders a peace that shall be more than a mere armistice, a lull of a few years in which the vanquished will have time to regain strength and resources to begin again.

But this is a realm in which thanksgiving must be transposed into thanksliving. No peace can be written upon the mere demands of a people. It depends upon the willingness of those same people to pay the price of peace. The price of peace is high. We have been unwilling to face this inescapable fact. We have gone through wars and paid the price of wasted materials and the high cost of human sacrifice. Then we have lapsed back into indifference with the easy assumption that peace would follow. But peace does not come that way. Peace has its costs and until we are willing to meet them we shall continue to be thrown into war and conflict. Only a few months ago General Sir Archibald Wavell was quoted as saying: "Think what a world we could make if we put into our peace endeavors the selfsame sacrifice, the same energy and the same cooperation we use in the wastefulness of war."

Our hearts are grateful for the creative urge in our own breasts and in the spirit of man. It is in that urge that we see light and hold hope for a new world of peace and brotherhood.

III

This Thanksgiving Day will not find us with everything as we would like it. But life never is exactly as we would have it. But there is still room for an overflowing gratitude. We must learn to be grateful for what we have as well as to wish for that which is better. It is often well to take stock of the many blessings we enjoy and to be grateful for what we have rather than what we want. Sometimes our intense pursuit for what we want keeps us from gratitude for what we already have. It was this attitude that Robinson Crusoe exemplified on his lonely island. He suggested that when he took this attitude he got such secret comforts from his life and thoughts that he was unable to express them. Then he said: "I would like to tell them to discontented people who cannot enjoy what God has given them, because they see and covet something that he has not given them. All our discontents about what we want appeared to me to spring from the want of thankfulness for what we have."

Thankfulness of heart is one of the moods we must always feel in order to appreciate the rich blessings with which God is surrounding us. By our gratitude, as by our fruits, shall we be known. Grateful hearts to appreciate may well be the object of our thanksgiving prayers.

Thou hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more—a grateful heart;
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,
As if thy blessings had spare days;
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

Our American Dreams

By Benjamin F. Farber

We shall see what will become of his dreams. Genesis 37:20.

THAT was what Joseph's brothers said as they planned to cast him into a pit and let the wild beasts destroy his body. That was what they had in mind when Reuben persuaded them not to kill Joseph and then, when Reuben's back was turned, the brothers proceeded to sell Joseph to the Ishmaelites. Get rid of the dreamer and you put an end to his dreams. That is always the attitude of the disbeliever in dreams. Destroy the dreamer, send him into a foreign country or even let him die a natural death, and you are freed from his dreams.

But that is not true. Every real dream tends to realize itself. Every high, pure vision, though it be balked for a time, presses on toward fulfillment. That is the law of its being. The dreamer may be destroyed. He may come to a perfectly natural end of his life's tenure, but his dreams live on. It is not true that you are freed from the dream when you are rid of the dreamer. It was not true in the story of Joseph, as the rest of the record reveals. It has not been true of other great dreams among the prophets and seers. The crucifixion of Jesus was motivated by the same philosophy as in the case of Joseph, but his dreams were never more alive. It is not true now when those of our day take the attitude of our text toward our American dreams. These dreams are alive after many, many years and they will continue to live.

So, while our men are fighting on the land, on the sea and in the air to preserve and to perpetuate our American dreams, I want to lead you into certain considerations regarding those dreams.

It has been said that our forefathers builded better than they knew; that their dreams possessed a reality which they did not fully appreciate at the time. But a survey of the early records and documents in those first years of American history leads one to believe that they knew exactly what they were doing and that their dreams were before them in clear perspective in every movement they made.

The very first documents reveal that. The Mayflower Compact of 1620 registered a dream that had all the realities of a clear understanding and a conscious determination. In 1639 a popular convention of three towns in Connecticut—Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield—adopted "The Fundamental Orders of Connecticut." That paper was called "the first written constitution" and it is marked by a clear understanding of what the members of that convention were doing. In 1641 the first code of laws in New England was called "The Body of Liberties" and that document reveals the clearness and the precision of the dream that motivated our forefathers. In 1644 John Winthrop wrote another paper that throws light upon the ideas, ideals and aspirations of those living at that time. It has all the realities of clear thinking and conscious determination. In 1656 Sir Henry Vane, once governor of Massachusetts, published a tract under the title, "A Healing Question." It was a reply to a proclamation of Oliver Cromwell. It expounded the principles of civil and religious liberty and proposed a plan for a constitution which was actually followed by the writers of that important document. Remember, that was thirty-six years after the Mayflower Compact and one hundred and twenty years before the Declaration of Independence. The dream was alive and continued to live.

We recall those familiar words in the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." That was the statement of a dream that had been in existence for a hundred and fifty-odd years. That is the statement of a dream to which we as a people have clung for more than a century and a half. We have not always succeeded in living up to it. We have been challenged by our failures again and again. But the dream has been there throughout these more than three hundred years. It is still there. We will never be free from it.

One of our modern writers says: "The greatest contribution which America has made to the world is the American dream—the dream of a land where life shall be richer and fuller and better, with opportunity for every person according to his ability and achievement. That dream must be kept. It is the brightest beacon in our war-darkened world. It will be the chief light toward a just peace."

That great artist, Norman Rockwell, has put our American dreams into unforgettable pictures. His drawings of the Four Freedoms—Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Worship, Freedom from Want and Freedom from Fear—together with the interpretations of these freedoms by four distinguished writers sets forth these dreams in clarity and beauty.

Now, with this brief historical background let me proceed to give you the modern answer to those modern anti-Josephs who say to us in derision: "We shall see what will become of his dreams." This modern answer is built on the same foundations that supported Joseph when his brothers held his dreams in derision.

I

Our American dreams were born of God. In that delightful interpretation of the story of Joseph by Thomas Mann he brings out clearly the thing which engaged the attention of Joseph's brothers. It was this: Was this dream of Joseph born of God or was it conceived in his own conceit? "Reuben's contribution to the discussion," says Mr. Mann, "was that if

the dream came from God, then there was nothing for it but to pray—to God of course—not to Joseph. But if, on the other hand, it had been born of conceit, then they could afford to shrug their shoulders over it and leave the dreamer to his folly." That is the important point in Joseph's dream.

Indeed, it is the important point in any dream. It is precisely there that the reality and the perpetuity of any dream centers. It was because Joseph believed with all his heart that his dream came from God that it endured. It is this conviction which runs throughout the story and makes it live. It is this permeating conviction that causes men to read it again and again as one of the most beautiful stories in the Scriptures. It is this conviction that leads Joseph to account for all of his hardships and trials in an unforgettable manner. There are three verses in the forty-fifth chapter that state his feeling in different ways but each one bears the mood of conviction: "Be not grieved nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life." Again, "God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance." Again, "It was not you that sent me hither, but God."

Now, that is always the foundation of a real dream. It is the conviction of the dreamer that it is born of God. It has a purpose in the plan of God. And it is just that conviction which we find in the history of our forefathers. It reveals itself in all their writings. It is inherent in all their attitudes. It is imbedded in all their activities.

There are many illustrations of this. Let me give you just one. In George Washington's First Inaugural Address he has a beautiful passage in the second paragraph which we should read again and again. After a reverent acknowledgment of God's guidance in the development of this country and a statement of his own conviction that this nation was born under God, he writes this: "In tendering this homage to the great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own; nor those of my fellow citizens at large, less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand, which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency."

This is the foundation upon which the founding fathers built this country. This is the conviction running throughout our American dreams. Let us never forget this. Let us never cease to thank God for it. Let us remember it now, for we must stand up to it and perform according to it. If we do this now—our American dreams will be safe for our posterity—but only so.

II

Our American dreams have been preserved to this day by God. Here again the story of Joseph is suggestive. He had his dreams but they were attended by one difficulty after another before they were realized. He was cast into a pit, sold to the Ishmaelites, sold again to Potiphar. He was made an overseer and he was on his way to making good and to the realization of his dreams when a scheming woman caused him to be cast into prison. Here again he proved his personal worth and his abiding faith in his dreams. He interpreted the dreams of the baker and the butler. It was a true interpretation. The baker was hanged and the butler, grateful to Joseph for his help, promised to remember him. He failed to do so. For two more years he remained in prison. Then came the dreams of Pharaoh and Joseph's opportunity to interpret them. His success raised him to the premiership of Egypt. But do not forget the prison years. Do not forget, also, that he had seven years of plenty followed by seven years of want when he was being tested in a land that was ready to demand the life of any man for failure in affairs of government. Above all, do not forget the patience, the fidelity and the reverence of Joseph for his God and the leadings of his great Friend throughout all of these discouraging years.

Patience always attends the realization of any dream. It has its periods of hardship, its times of trial and its hours of crisis. It was true with the American dream. The signing of the Declaration of Independence did not mean the dream was realized and there were no further troubles to face. It was no easy period after July 4, 1776. There followed days of hardship, trial and testing. Not only the days of the Revolution itself. These were difficult enough. But there were other days that were even more trying. Congress vacillated on its policies again and again. Remember that in these days of Congressional uncertainty! Payment of the troops was deferred until these deferred hopes made the heart sick. Almost anything could have happened just then. A dictator might have seized the opportunity and the revolution might have been lost. In 1782 in Newburgh a kingship was offered to Washington. Only his sterling character and loyalty to the American dream caused that offer to fail. Then an effort was made to incite the unpaid, ragged soldiers to march on Philadelphia and seize the government. Here again the dream held. Other efforts were made to stir up dissension among the colonies and there was a period when it was a question whether this nation would survive. Remember that in this day when we hear so much about fifth columnists and foreign propaganda!

Do not forget that it was in these hours, when the dream was being tested, that the loyal held on, the faithful worked and prayed. They carried on through every trial and test in the conviction that their dream was born of God and that he intended it to be realized here in this country. Time fails me to go into greater detail. The history books will tell you more. Suffice it to say that the American dream had its hard times but it was preserved to a faithful, loyal people and they handed it on to us.

And that brings me to the important thing for us to remember today.

III

Our American dreams must be perpetuated by us under God. If these dreams were born *of* God—and we ought to believe that they were; if these dreams were preserved *by* God—and we ought to believe that they were; then a great responsibility rests upon us. Here again, remember that Joseph realized that the perpetuity of his dreams rested upon him and he would not be turned aside from carrying on until they were fulfilled.

There comes a time in all great dreams when they are in jeopardy, when still greater efforts have to be made to perpetuate them. In such a time the perpetuators are those upon whom the crisis has fallen. That has happened again and again in the one hundred and sixty-odd years since the signing of the Declaration of Independence. We are in the midst of just such a time now. We who live today amid the horrors of this awful war are faced with the future of our American dreams.

"We shall see what will become of his dreams," is the modern derision that confronts us. It is up to us to prove the reality of these American dreams and to prove them now. To do so will cost us much in money, "sweat, blood and tears." We might as well face that. As we do so let us remind you of this enduring truth: convictions always cost. You may have an opinion without paying any great price for it but when you hold to a conviction you may be sure that you will pay dearly for it at some time. The difference between an opinion and a conviction is just this: you may do as you please with an opinion but a conviction demands that it do as it pleases with you. It is not a conviction until it possesses and uses you, as it will, on its way to fulfillment. God's ways are passing strange again and again but what he plans he performs. Convictions born of God and preserved *by* him must be perpetuated by those who hold to them no matter what comes.

It would seem that that is just where we are now in relation to our American dreams. How is it with you? How it is with me? Are these American dreams opinions or convictions? How much does their preservation mean to us? How much will we endure to see that they are perpetuated?

In one of Daniel Webster's orations there is a beautiful passage that gives the answer to these questions. He says that he did not happen to be born in a log cabin but that his elder brothers and sisters were. He describes that rude home and then continues: "Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, *may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.*"

May that be our answer to these modern anti-Josephs who say to us in derision: "We shall see what will become of his dreams."

Postwar Religion

By Frederick K. Stamm

THESE are days that make one's blood stand still, and they are certainly days of stress and strain. Armies and navies are engaged in a death struggle, young lives are being sacrificed, many parents are sorrowful because of sons who will never come back, and many others are fearful of the worst. We all wish it were over, and that when it is over we shall be able to establish a peace that will last, not for a generation, but for all time.

Surely, all sane men agree that there must be some other method than war by which to solve our international difficulties. We have never had any doubt as to who would gain the military victory. We are a powerful nation. Our boast is that we have the most destructive weapons in the world. We seem to be able to reverse the planets in their courses, to tear, as it were, fixed stars from their sockets; and we can turn back the onward flow of progress and speed the time when all men will be gods. Yes, science has taught us how to use power.

But are we not all afraid of the hour of victory? I am. I feel afraid lest there shall go up from mankind a sigh of relief followed by complacency and the sleep of the sluggard. I remember so clearly what Donald Hankey wrote out of the trenches in the last war, just before he was killed. He pictured a fine world where unselfishness would displace selfishness, where nations would work in the interests of each other, and where class distinctions would not be known, and where there would be as complete unity of purpose in peacetime as in wartime. But then he paused and sighed: "But the chances are it will all be forgotten." He seemed to sense what would happen. And it did happen. The nations forgot what would make for lasting peace.

PEACE IS COSTLY

Lincoln Steffens tells what happened in a dramatic moment at the Paris peace conference back in 1919. It was Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, speaking. "One moment, gentlemen," he said, "I have heard

something about a permanent peace. There has been a great deal of talk about a peace to end war forever, and I am interested in that. But I would like to know whether you mean it, the permanent peace." He looked at his colleagues and they nodded. "And you have counted the cost of such a peace?" he asked in all earnestness.

Then there was some hesitation. "Well," said Clemenceau, "if we give up all future wars we must give up our empires and all hope of empire. You, Mr. Lloyd George, will have to come out of India; we French will have to come out of North Africa; and you Americans, Mr. President, must get out of the Philippines and Puerto Rico and leave Cuba alone—and Mexico. . . . We shall have to tear down our tariff walls and open the whole world to free trade and traffic. These are some of the costs of permanent peace; there are other sacrifices we, the dominant powers, would have to make. It is very expensive, peace. We French are willing, but are you willing, to pay the price, all these costs of no more war in the world?"

The President and the premiers protested that they did not mean all that, that that was not necessary, not all at once. No, no, they did not mean exactly that. "Then," said Clemenceau, sitting up straight and striking the table sharply: "Then you don't mean peace. You mean war." And Lincoln Steffens concludes: "We do not want war; nobody wants war; but some of us want the things we can't have without war. . . . We will not give up the things that cause wars."

PEACE AND RELIGION

And that is what I and a lot of other people are afraid of. We are afraid of this idea of talking peace and thinking war. We are afraid that we will try to produce peace by other than moral means. We are afraid that we will be so bent upon wreaking revenge that we will forget that it takes patience and a religion that is the religion of Jesus to make peace. The hour of victory will come. And if, when that hour strikes, we do not hear the trumpet of God, we shall become the victims of materialism, secularization, indifference and complacency. And the trumpet of God will have to be heard, not merely by you and me, but by the diplomats in whose hands will be given the power to make the peace. Otherwise the military victory will be only an armistice—a getting ready for another war. Yes, if the trumpet of God does not sound in the ears of those who sit at the peace table, all our peace hopes will go a glimmering.

There is no doubt that God has been working since the dawn of creation to bring the whole world, every nation, every community, every individual, into a family, bound together by the family spirit, sharing each other's privileges and needs, joys and sorrows. It was this that Jesus meant when he talked about the Kingdom of God. Of one thing we may be sure, and that is, that Jesus did not die just for fun, or because he wanted to become a martyr, or that he wanted to do something spectacular. He died because he believed that the world in which he moved was the real world, and not this thing of horror and bloodshed. He died, not for an ideal, but because he believed in the reality of his teachings. Up to now we have not quite believed as he believed, although we have been talking about Jesus for nineteen hundred years. If we don't begin taking the teachings of Jesus at their face value, we can go on talking peace till we are blue in the face, but just the same in twenty or thirty years from now the little boys, now playing in the streets, will be out fighting for what a government may call—our freedom!

A NEW FAITH IN HUMANITY

It doesn't make any difference whether you agree with me or not. That's not the question. The question is, Can you go on doing what you want to do, disobeying every moral law, and then hope to have peace? The only time we shall stop war is when we stop looking upon war as pageantry or majesty or spiritual transformation, and see it for what it is—a bloated abortion with dollar marks on its flanks, dragging its gross belly across the face of the land, rending and spoiling all it does not devour.

So if it is peace we really want, we shall have to revitalize our religion at a few points. First of all, we shall have to believe that human nature can be changed. Some of us are growing tired of using words that mean nothing. How often I have heard recently, "Well, a just and lasting peace is an ideal toward which we should move. But human nature being what it is, we shall always have wars." That is the ugliest evil that is rearing its head these days, and it is the most potent influence for dragging the nations into another war that I know. And the most lunatic thing that I know anything about is the idea abroad that you can change human society without changing human nature. The thing that brings calamity to the world is the fact that man's moral nature has not been big enough to stand up against the demands made upon it for unselfishness. The one supreme need is man's unity with the only Power that is big enough to change him so that he can respond to the demands that will increasingly be made upon him for sacrificial giving and thinking and planning.

'GLORY TO MAN IN THE HIGHEST!'

If ever the devil was let loose in the world it was in the last years when men were chanting from every open window every morning, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better." When science was let loose to the point where men could say, "Look at my own abilities." When they rested their case in social reform which made them say: "We have got rid of that; we have banished this; we are tackling that; we are awake to the dangers of this." When we glorified man's unaided powers to such a degree that God was politely bowed out of his world and considered as the interest of only a few. "Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is the master of things," sang Swinburne, and he was able to make man believe it. The one thing he wasn't master of was the spirit. And unless he gets a new spirit and finds himself totally inadequate to meet

the demands of peace, we shall be plunged into another abyss.

Then, too, we shall have to have a religion that regards prayer as the mystery whereby divine energy is released. The kind of praying we have been doing is illustrated by two little instances. Dwight L. Moody tells of his young son's interrupting him one morning when he was very busy. After the boy had gained entrance to his study, Mr. Moody somewhat gruffly said to him, "What do you want?" "I don't want anything," said the boy, "I just want to be with you." And Mr. Moody had all the time in the world for a boy that just wanted to be with him. Over against this is the other instance of the father who was coming back from war, and the mother wondering what the boy's thoughts were in regard to the father's homecoming: "I am thinking," he said, "about what he will bring me." Our praying has been concerned about what God will bring us, what we can get from him, when all the time the real purpose of prayer is to spend time in the presence of him who can release giant energies through us into the life of the world. Men and women who go to church have yet to discover the immense energies that could be released by thrilling new discoveries of ways of praying.

NO NEW AGE WITHOUT FAITH

Then, too, we must understand that liberating truth which Jesus spoke—truth which is now available, and truth which is relevant to the needs of the world. Our President once said: "The only thing we have to fear is fear." I wish we could carry that thought into the making of peace when this war is over. Once again, words must mean something. They are not to be spoken merely because they sound well, or because they will capture the imagination of the multitude. When Jesus spoke words he meant them, and had something to say against men who dealt in idle utterances. If we want peace we shall have to take the risks of peace, and stop fearing lest if we speak the truth some dire consequences will be visited upon us. It would be a new departure in religion if, instead of saying to God, "This is what we are going to do. We hope You will approve," we would say, "What wilt Thou have us to do?"

We have been talking for the past several years about how a war brings a new age or a new order. Many men and women have done a lot of glorifying of war as though it makes saints out of sinners, and honest men out of bandits. But the prophets never said so, nor did Jesus, nor does any other person who wants to be honest with himself and with God. All that war can ever do is to provide an opportunity, just as any other calamity provides opportunity, for good deeds. In London it was pointed out to me how devastating the fire of 1666 was. When it was over Sir Christopher Wren pleaded with the authorities that the old, narrow, dark, winding streets should be done away, and that a new London should be built. But, as is so often the case, when the danger was over the fear stimulus was cut off and the voice unheeded. After the fire a still small voice—but silenced. Back came the slums, the narrow streets. Many people in that city were not hurt by the fire, and the only thing they thought of was their own pockets, and the opportunity passed away. Any number of people have not been greatly hurt by this war, and they will have to arouse themselves lest they won't care who has been hurt, or who will be hurt by another war.

PEACE IS UP TO THE INDIVIDUAL

John Newton wrote a great hymn which the church sings—"Glorious things of thee are spoken." When he wrote it he was sitting in the sunshine of a ship's deck, while in the hatches slaves were groaning in anguish, shackled, and being taken to be sold in some hell hole in London or America. We might call Newton a hypocrite. But he wasn't. He was morally asleep. Now is the time for good people everywhere to awake from their moral slumber, else some future generation will look upon us as insensitive to the evils around us as was John Newton who described that voyage as one of sweet communion with Jesus. The opportunity is here for a lasting peace, but that peace will not come until men individually pledge themselves to find out how the will of God can be done in earth as it is in heaven.

I AM inclined to think that Jesus would say that the time to preach "Thou shalt not kill!" is now, while the war is on. It is now, while the world is aflame, that point is given to the command. Whatever our individual view of this war, whether we are pacifist or militarist, or somewhere in between, it is right to proclaim now that killing is sin, has always been sin, and will be sin forever.

The church must preach this truth *now*. If the church doesn't—if the church refuses on the ground of policy to preach it—the church is no more than an adjunct of the state. Of what value is the church if it does not dare preach the truth when the going is hard? Now is the time to proclaim—Thou shalt not kill! Now is the accepted time, now may be the day of salvation.

ALBERT BUCKNER COE.

WE are all looking forward to a just peace, but the mere attainment of peace does not suffice. To insure that it will be lasting, to achieve in perpetuity the Christian ideal of peace on earth, we must have valiant leadership and the concerted consecration to that ideal of all peace-loving men and women. To take that leadership, regardless of cost, is the privilege and duty of the Christian church, for that is the road pointing to the cross. May all freedom-loving people close their ranks with the Christian church in the van braving all dangers!

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK.

CHRIST was a part of the world of his day and couched his religious teachings in language the people around him could understand. He took into account the social and other conditions of his time and applied his teachings to these conditions. If he were on earth today he would do the same thing.

CLAUDE R. WICKARD.

'Men Shall Call Thee Restorer'

By Fred Eastman

And men shall call thee, Repairer of ruins, Restorer of places for habitation. Isaiah 58:12.

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago this morning, at this very hour, I was dashing about a little village on Long Island shouting to all and sundry, "It's a boy!" Two years later our second son came and I was equally exultant. With what joy and hope my wife and I cared for those children in the years that followed! We tried to provide a home in which they were surrounded by an atmosphere of affection. We sought to give them the best schooling available. In the summer when they were lads of ten and twelve we brought them up here to Newfound Lake. Here they learned to swim, studied birds and butterflies. Later they spent their summers in a boys' camp not far away. When we built our own cottage here they helped in a hundred ways to turn a bare hillside into a summer home with trees and shrubs and a tennis court. We saw them through college and university—one preparing himself to be a writer, the other a teacher. They looked forward to careers of creative work. Then suddenly their preparation was halted; they were called to war. Today both boys are in the army where they are being taught how to destroy and kill.

THE LAST PEACE

There is nothing unique about this. All over the world this thing has happened in millions of families. Parents who thought they had reared their sons and could now watch them carry on find themselves anxiously reading the war news and dreading the appearance of a Western Union messenger on their street. Not only in this village and state, but in every state, and in every great country on earth, the story is the same. The whole human race is caught in this fearful holocaust.

But the signs begin to multiply that the end of the war in Europe approaches, and at some later time the end of the war in the Pacific. Everyone wants peace. And every human being with any sanity wants it to be a lasting peace. Yet those of us who remember the last war know that we felt the same way then. We wanted that peace to be lasting. But we failed to make it so. The men who framed it concentrated their attention on controlling the banks and the munition factories of Germany and Austria; they left untouched the deeper causes of war—the conflicting philosophies of life, the need for equality of access to raw materials and to world markets, the growing tensions between the haves and have-nots, and the increasing demands of the underprivileged peoples for a new social order in which they could find a more abundant life. Even such hope as was offered through the League of Nations was sabotaged in our own Senate and by America's failure to take part in the League.

A TIME THAT CALLS FOR GREATNESS

Shall we fail again as we did in 1919? When these boys of ours come home will they find that their elders have made only another armistice instead of a lasting peace? Will their children have to fight a new and more devastating war twenty-five years from now? It is quite possible. If we say that the problem is too big for us, let Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Stalin settle it for us—we shall certainly fail. If we say that we have always had wars and can't expect anything else, we shall certainly fail. If we say that this is not a matter for Christians to bother themselves about, but it should be left to business men and lawyers and politicians, we shall certainly fail. Alice Duer Miller, in the closing words of the motion picture made from her poem, "The White Cliffs of Dover," utters a solemn prophecy that has the ring of truth in it: "God will not forgive us if we fail again to keep faith with our boys who have died in the effort to establish a world in which future generations can live in peace."

The time calls for greatness—not alibis, not cynicism. It calls for greatness in *us* as well as in our leaders. It calls for great faith, great courage, great resolution. The men who will make the peace are our representatives, for better or worse. They will not rise higher than we lift them. They will not fail unless we fail. Let us see to it then that we get our own hearts right, our own thinking straight, our own picture of the postwar world one that we need not be ashamed of before God.

This morning let us consider two factors relating to the postwar world now in the making. One factor is made up of the dangers to be avoided in shaping the peace; the other is made up of our grounds for hope that we can make an enduring peace.

THINKING IN THE OLD WAR RUTS

First among the dangers is that our representatives at the peace table will not be able to get their thinking out of the old war ruts. In 1929 I was in Geneva, Switzerland, attending the preliminary disarmament conference as a roving reporter for the *Christian Century*. I sat in the press gallery and listened one day to a stirring address by Maxim Litvinoff, the Russian delegate. He challenged the nations to take seriously the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact which they had all signed. (That was the pact which outlawed all war.) He said that if they would take it seriously they would now proceed to complete disarmament. He announced that Russia was ready and willing to go all the way if the other nations would do the same. It was a bold and forthright speech and it was cheered. But promptly the president of the conference announced that they

would now go into executive session—which meant that the reporters and other visitors would be excluded until the session was again open to the public. For nearly three days we cooled our heels on the steps of the building. When we were then allowed to come in we were given the agenda of the meeting. Its first item read something like this: In the next war what shall be our regulations concerning the use of airplanes? The second: In the next war, what shall be our regulations for submarines? The third: In the next war what shall be done about poison gases? The Russian proposal had been completely shelved. The delegates had got themselves back into the old rut of thinking only about the next war and how to control it—not how to eliminate it. That is the first danger we face now.

IN A SHRINKING WORLD

The second danger is that our representatives will not accept the fact that the world is no longer many, but one. Our scientific achievements have shrunk our world into one vast neighborhood the parts of which are closer today than the counties of this state were a hundred years ago. On your radios these mornings you hear reporters telling you of battles in which your sons may be engaged at that very hour. Of course our representatives who are framing the peace know this as well as we do—but they may not accept its implications in the international field. Trouble anywhere in a closely knit world means trouble everywhere—and quickly.

If the world is a neighborhood it must be treated as a neighborhood and not as a collection of isolated countries. The welfare of the world as a whole must be put above the welfare of any part at the expense of the other parts.

THE PERIL OF POWER POLITICS

The third danger springs from the first two. It is the danger that the peace framers will yield to pressure of powerful national economic groups and write a peace based on power politics, committing the destinies of the world to a delicate balance of power between three or four great empires, each given a large section of the earth's population as its "sphere of influence" where it will dominate. This is the old system which has bred the wars of Europe for the past three centuries. To extend it now over the whole earth would only breed more and bigger wars. For the greed of empires is insatiable. We have fought this war and the last on the plea that our libraries were threatened by the imperialism of our enemies. Are we so blind as not to see that the peoples of the world do not want to substitute new empires for old ones? They want freedom, not empires. Freedom and imperialism are mutually exclusive. The smaller nations of Europe and Asia may find British or American or Russian imperialism less onerous than German or Japanese—but they don't want *any* empire dominating their destinies. Their sacrifices and ours will be in vain if the next century is to be known as the "American Century" or the "British Century" or the "Russian Century."

Akin to imperialism is the danger of nationalism. Many people do not distinguish between nationalism and patriotism. But the difference is deep. To love one's country—that is patriotism. To give one's country supremacy over all other loyalties—that is nationalism. It is nationalism, not patriotism, that has embroiled the world in this bloody international struggle for power. It is nationalism that has become, as the magazine *Time* has asserted, a religion with more adherents than any other religion of our day. As a religion it is the very antithesis of Christianity. According to nationalism man belongs to the state; Christianity says man belongs to his Creator. Nationalism says the masses must follow the leader; Christianity says the masses should be free men. Nationalism says that the highest value is power; Christianity says the highest value is human personality. Nationalism says that government must be by compulsion; Christianity says that government should be by consent of the governed. Nationalism issues eventually in fascism with its doctrines of world supremacy for one nation; Christianity preaches the gospel of a Kingdom of God in which all nations and all races have equal opportunities as brothers of a common heavenly Father. Nationalism's method is the method of force; Christianity's method is persuasion. Nationalism, issuing in fascism, breeds a spirit of fear and hatred; Christianity promotes a spirit of good will and mutual aid.

Pearl Buck, in an article in *Common Ground,* has stated this danger forcefully: "Fascism," she says, "lurks everywhere like the hidden germs of a deadly disease. There are germ-carriers of fascism in every nation. Those who harbor race prejudice are germ-carriers of fascism. Those who would build up a great international power of business in the hands of a few at the expense of the people are germ-carriers of fascism. Those who dream of America as the next great imperialist power are germ-carriers of fascism. All who secretly scorn the rights of human beings are germ-carriers of fascism. It is these whom we must discover and deprive of their power." These statements of Mrs. Buck are surely worth pondering today as fascism is seeking to enthrone itself in many parts of the world—including our own America.

ALL HAVE SUFFERED—A GROUND FOR HOPE

Such are some of the dangers that face us in this time that calls for greatness. Let us turn now to our grounds for hope that the dangers can be overcome and a lasting peace established. First, there is a strong basis for hope in the fact that we have all suffered; not only the British and the Americans and the Russians and the Chinese, but the Germans and the Italians and the Japanese as well. Picture the suffering of any home you know where death has struck some soldier or sailor or marine. Then multiply that home-suffering by millions. Remember that German and Japanese mothers and fathers, wives and sweethearts, love their boys as much as we love ours. Remember, too, that they have lost two or three times as many of their sons as we have. Could they all have suffered so much and not learned *mercy?* Is there any sorrowing parent here

who would not spare other parents—even the parents of our enemies—the agony of further death and destruction of war, both now and in the years to come?

DREAMS OF A BETTER WORLD

Second, there is ground for hope in the fact—strange as it may sound—that both sides in this terrible conflict have maintained that they are fighting for a new social order. Every nation has called its sons and daughters to fight for a dream of a better world. The Americans and British have put that dream in terms of the Atlantic Charter with its goals of freedom from fear and want. The Russians have put their dream in terms of a classless society in which the common man will have his chance, no longer oppressed by the evils of capitalism, fascism or tyranny of any kind. The Germans have put their dream in terms of a new social order for Europe and eventually for the world—an order in which there will be plenty for all, with the German race supreme. The Japanese have put their dream in terms of a religious crusade to conquer the world and bring it under the sublime control of their emperor, the King of Heaven. Of course they were wrong—the Germans and Japanese—in thinking that the rest of the world would ever submit to the domination of either or both of them. They were damnably wrong in their methods of aggression. The point is, however, that back of all the sacrifices of their common people was a dream of a new social order for the world. Our task now is to persuade them not to abandon a dream of a new social order, but to substitute a bigger dream—and to make them see that the only social order than can endure is one that is based on cooperation, not conquest.

Some will call this a fantastic notion. They will say that you can deal with Germans and Japs and their ideas only with bullets. But you cannot kill a bad idea by slaying the man who holds it, any more than you can kill a good idea by nailing on a cross the man who advocates it. The bad ideas of fascism and nazism cannot be killed at all; they have been abroad in the world since the days of the Alexanders and the Caesars and the Napoleons. They will still be abroad long after Hitler and Hirohito are dead and forgotten. But bad ideas can be driven into the background by better ideas. Human minds poisoned, as the minds of the Germans and Japanese have been, can be purged, restored to mental health and re-educated. One of the wisest plans the Allies have yet formed, therefore, is the plan to see to it that the educational systems of Germany and Japan will be put into the hands, not of American or British or Russian teachers, but of German and Japanese educators who are convinced believers in democracy. They were exiled during the war. Now they will be given their chance.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CONFERENCES

A third ground for hope is the series of international conferences already under way: the Bretton Woods Monetary Conference which sought to make possible financial conditions for development of international trade that will rehabilitate the economic life of the world; the International Food Conference at Hot Springs which has tried to work out a permanent program for a complete food supply for the world and to stave off future famines; the Washington Conference which seeks to ration the world's oil supplies so that every nation may receive what it needs; and the Dumbarton Oaks Conference in Washington between Britain, Russia and the United States dealing with the question of international security and postwar world organization. Every one of these conferences is the result of months of study and planning by groups of experts—not orators or politicians—in deadly earnest to do their job in such a way that the world will not again be bathed in blood. None of them have attained perfection, but one would be a cynic indeed who found no ground for hope in their results.

Undergirding these hopes is a phenomenon that was not present—at least in any great importance—after the First World War. It is a vast number of small groups of everyday citizens like ourselves that have been meeting and studying postwar problems. This church had a forum for this purpose last winter, under the guidance of your pastor. Progressive churches, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, all over America and Britain were doing the same. The Federal Council of Churches has had a commission working upon the subject for years. Two great conferences have been held in Delaware, Ohio, and their proceedings published. In Chicago one group to which I belonged worked out what we called a "World Charter." More than eight hundred ministers and other community leaders signed it. On my desk is a new book summarizing more than three hundred peace plans worked out by other groups.

IT SHALL NOT BE AGAIN!

One further ground for hope may top all the rest. It is the attitude of our own boys in the service. Whatever they think of their treatment, they are fed up on war. I quote a letter from one of them written in the midst of the African campaign.

> I do want to know the answers to all this wrongness—Egypt with millions living like cattle in mud huts and the lame, the blind, and the syphilitics everywhere—the wrongness which leaves a young man half-buried in these sands of the desert to breed flies. I'll never be able to go back to writing about new pipe lines. . . . Frankly I don't have much hope for humanity unless we change our spots. If only this war would mean a second chance to do right by others, as Mother says, I think the only answer to it all is Christian democracy—real working Christianity, the kind we haven't ever had—sacrificing of our superabundance that others may live—the development of a spiritual brotherhood.

We have our second chance. The dangers are many and great—our grounds for hope few, but strong. The time calls for greatness in all of us. Our choice is a world of brotherhood—or a world of chaos. If we fail we shall have a third world war and the end of civilization. If we succeed, we may win the gratitude and the affection of mankind. "And men shall call thee Repairer of ruins, Restorer of places for habitation."

The Christian's Thanksgiving for Victory

By Elmer S. Freeman

SOME DAY the hour will arrive, perhaps unexpectedly, in the midst of this frightful conflict, when the fighting will end. Only a few weeks ago many would have said the end was imminent, at least so far as Europe is concerned; now it seems to have receded into the indefinite future. Whether that day should chance, or not, to come at the Thanksgiving season, it will certainly be a day of thanksgiving in its own right. But whether victory be near or far, it will do us good, as Christians, to prepare our thanksgiving prayers for the end of war before the moment arrives which will make them appropriate. Then we shall not be carried away by the emotional debauch which will surely sweep over our land, but in more sober mood be ready to render God our thanks for the end of this fearful fratricidal strife.

There is cause for gratitude in learning that in many communities, perhaps in most, steps are being taken by citizens and organizations of the more responsible sort to see that the day of victory, when it comes, is observed with some reasonable degree of dignity, orderliness and sobriety. Not long ago the newspapers and magazines were reporting a flood of night-club reservations for D-Day. They quoted sundry characters (as Damon Runyan would say) on how much liquor they were going to consume that day, and how effectively they were going to take their towns apart without bothering to put them together again. More lately, however, a different mood seems to have come over us. Let us hope and pray that it will last until victory comes. *Time* magazine recently quoted the British poet Robert Graves, who said he would go walking by himself that day "cursing and sobbing and thinking of the dead." A Chicago newspaper headlined: "Bars to be Closed, Churches Open, on V-Day." Here in our own city very sensible plans are already made, which give opportunity for legitimate jubilation and rejoicing, yet at the same time give priority to the churches, in the hope that some sense of solemnity and reverence may infuse our observance of V-Day, whenever that may be.

Certainly it will be an appropriate day for thanksgiving—religious thanksgiving. Yet there are some—not reservations precisely, but let us call them cautions—which ought to be in the minds of Christian people when V-Day comes. As on any occasion for thanksgiving, and perhaps more on this occasion than most, there is grave danger that we shall find ourselves thanking God—but for the wrong things. For what, then, on this occasion—tomorrow or next month or next year—may we rightly give thanks to God?

I

Most obviously, of course, we shall be thankful for the cessation of bloodshed. I hope, too, that we shall be Christian enough to be glad that it is from the homes of the whole world, even in the lands of those we have been naming our enemies, that the shadow of death and destruction has been lifted. We have fought with might and main against the armed power of the German and Japanese nations. Yet we shall not forget, I pray, that within those States there are millions of homes and families of the same flesh and blood (Mr. Hitler to the contrary notwithstanding) as our homes and our families. We shall be less than Christian if we do not include in our thankfulness a moiety of praise to God that in those homes no less than in our own fear has been turned to confidence and darkness has given way to light.

Yet we need to beware just here of the spirit of the Pharisee in our prayer of thanksgiving—"Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men." There needs to be a generous mixture of humility in our petition. The accidents of geography rather than any virtue of our own have saved us from the kind of suffering and destruction which have afflicted nearly all our principal allies, to say nothing of our opponents. One needs only to call their names—China, England, Russia, Poland, France and all the rest—to recall to our minds the spectacle of cities in ruins, and all the other horrid accompaniments of war. We have not been invaded, or bombed, or even "buzz-bombed"; our cities and countrysides have been kept inviolate from the march of destroying armies. Except for the separation from our homes of our men and women at war, and the loss of some of them, we have experienced no hardship or deprivation in any way comparable to theirs. Our own congregation up to now has had the extraordinary good fortune not to have lost one of the eighty or so men and women who have gone from our homes.

For all these things we are thankful even now, and shall be yet more grateful when the guns cease to roar their thunders of destruction. But we shall not forget in that day, I trust, those who have suffered for us—the cities in other lands destroyed that ours might remain intact; the millions the world over who have descended to bare subsistence levels of living, and even to starvation, while we have sacrificed only a few luxuries and no necessities; the thousands of soldiers and sailors who have died that those from the homes of this congregation might, so far at least, continue to live.

II

Again, we may well give thanks for such a measure of sanity, level-headedness and Christian charity as we have shown through the war. For this we shall have still more reason to be grateful during the perilous period of reconstruction; for hatreds instilled during days of conflict do not automatically or immediately stop when the conflict ceases, but live on, to poison

men's minds against one another in the critical early months and years of restored peace.

Compared with what happened in the First World War, as some of us remember, this amount of sanity is considerable. Generally speaking, we have not gone off the deep end with the hatemongers. Let it be granted that in a civilization which calls itself Christian any hatred at all is too much hatred. There has been some of it. But on the whole the Hearsts and McCormicks in the newspaper world, the Morgenthaus in the realm of politics, and the McNairs and Pattons among military men have received probably less applause than they expected.

It is terribly difficult to refrain from hate in wartime. Almost every factor works against it—so much of the printed matter we read, so many of the radio broadcasts we hear, the casualty lists which reach into the homes of people we know personally, the atrocity stories—some of them probably true, some half-true, some false, with no sure way of distinguishing among them. Certainly the Christian churches have a far better record in this respect than in the last war. The next edition of *Preachers Present Arms,* if there is one, will be a much thinner book. In this congregation, at least, and I think among Christian people generally, there has been much less of the spirit of hatred, vindictiveness and revenge. Perhaps because now we understand better the causes of war, and have seen over the years how we have been in part responsible for the failure of the world to keep the peace we made with such high hopes in 1919, there has been this time much less disposition to regard this as a holy war, with all the white righteousness on our side and all the black sinfulness on the other.

Yet even here there is a danger—that with the loss of the crusading spirit there may go also loss of the hope that marked our expectation twenty-five years ago that this was "the war to end wars." From expecting too much we have gone to the other extreme, and expect too little. We hear Secretary of War Stimson saying, "We must not accept the philosophy that this war will end all wars," and therefore we must have military conscription in peacetime, thereby fastening upon ourselves one of the very elements of militarism we have fought to destroy elsewhere in the world. Masquerading as realism, this is actually moral defeatism of the deepest dye.

There are those who are saying that we are living in the last days of civilization as we have known it. The dawn may rise upon a different one, they say, but the night will be long, and we ourselves shall not live to see its shadows break.

Many of you will have read that sobering book, *Between Tears and Laughter,* by Lin Yu-tang, the Chinese philosopher-statesman who calls himself a heathen, but whose attitudes are in some respects more Christian than those of many of us who profess to be Christians. You will recall, despite the title, how many are the tears and how tinged with bitterness the laughter. You may also remember what to me was perhaps the saddest sentence in the book: "We have lost even the courage to hope." We have experienced almost complete disillusionment with war as a means of accomplishing anything permanently constructive in human affairs. But there is grave danger that we permit that disillusionment and discouragement so to squeeze the juices of hope from our hearts that we shall make no serious attempt to try again to build a better world.

III

That leads me to the third ground for thanksgiving, on the day of victory, whenever it shall come. After all is said and done, Lin Yu-tang is mistaken. Hope in the human heart is not dead. It is as inextinguishable as the forces in the physical universe—sun and soil and rainfall—which bring plant and flower to life again in the springtime. We may for the moment seem to lose the courage to hope, but it is never lost for good.

There is much of perplexity and difficulty, certainly, in these days. But that the prophets of utter doom are right no Christian may admit. It is not the first time in history that men have seen as it were through a glass, darkly.

In 1783 William Pitt, British prime minister, said: "There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair." Queen Adelaide of England in 1837 spoke of "the coming revolution" as something she would see in her own time. Only twelve years later Disraeli was saying: "In industry, commerce and agriculture there is no hope." About the same time the Duke of Wellington, shortly before he died, thanked God that he would be "spared from seeing the consummation of ruin that is gathering around."

Yet there must have been others in those days who did not so give way to despair. We may not know them; history may not record them by name and residence. But they must have lived, for today's accomplishments have sprung from yesterday's hopes, as tomorrow's achievements will arise from the seeds of hope which are planted today.

The word of hope never dies. For the Christian, hope has always the last word, because it is the word of God. In the winter of 1932, at the very depth of the economic depression, a banquet was held in New York city at which Dwight Morrow was to be the principal speaker. Other addresses preceded his, each one so characterized by gloom and pessimism that there seemed no place left for optimism or cheer. It was very late when Mr. Morrow was introduced. He rose, and very slowly and quietly spoke a single sentence: "Hope is greater than history."

With all hope, we try to keep our hands on real things. We idealists, so often accused of going about with our heads in the clouds, do still try at the same time to keep our feet on the ground, even though it may mean stretching ourselves to the very limit of our elasticity.

On this coming day of thanksgiving, the measure of our rejoicing and our thankfulness will rightly be tempered by sober reflection on the seriousness of the events and the problems still before us. But we shall see also solid grounds for hopefulness. Never before

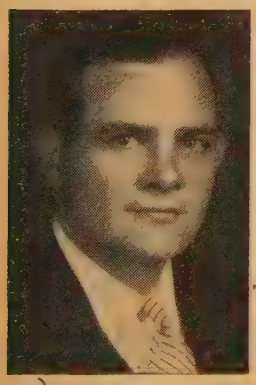
have so many thoughtful people—particularly, I think, the people of the churches—been so keenly and intelligently aware of the nature of these problems. Never before have plans and preparations for peace been so soberly and realistically conceived among us, or so far advanced. There are defects, doubtless, both in conception and execution which will require modifying and correcting as time makes clearer the needs of the common people of the world, and as their voices come to be heard. But there is cause for thanksgiving this day that hope has not been defeated by despair, that the voice of God has not been silenced.

There are dark clouds, but clouds pass, even the darkest. Not in wishful thinking, but in Christianity's basic belief in a God whose power is righteousness and whose righteousness is power, we take heart of thanksgiving to cry from the housetops that all is not lost, that hope is indeed greater than history, that "the Lord reigneth, and the earth may be glad thereof."

The Crack in the Bell

By Eugene Carson Blake

MY TEXT this morning may be found in two places: First, in the book of Leviticus, the 25th chapter and the tenth verse, these words: "And proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." And second, if you will go to Philadelphia and look at the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, you will find inscribed upon that symbol of our national beginnings these same words — "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land."



Now, as every schoolboy knows, there is a crack in the Liberty Bell. It apparently was not easy, at the time when the bell was made, to cast it so that it could peal the majestic tones of liberty and not have a flaw in it somewhere which would break under the pounding of the weighty clapper. And to me that old bell stands symbolic of the difficulty of establishing in this or any land a pattern and fabric of liberty which will not crack under the pressures of life and experience. So just as the guardians of the bell recast it at least once and have watched it since it cracked again, taking extreme care that it shall not be broken more, so we the citizen guardians of our nation must stand watch on the liberty inherited from our fathers, recasting it and protecting it that the proclamation shall continue to be heard of "Liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

At this serious time we all are thinking of the new straight rows of white crosses that it shall be ours to decorate not only with the flowers of our memory but also with the devoted determination of our souls that these new dead shall not have died in vain. For however confused the issues of this war, they are no more confused than were the issues of those earlier wars of our embattled nation. Through deep emotion, once it was even brother against brother, the great war efforts of our country have been in each case for liberty, to win it or preserve it. And that this latest and greatest army the Republic has ever known, that these young men shall not make that effort and sacrifice in vain must be the deep concern of all of us who in relative ease and peace watch breathlessly for the decisive hour to strike.

How then stands our liberty at this crucial hour? What are the prospects that these dead shall not die in vain? What is the condition of liberty in our land?

Well, without blinking, let us note that there *is* a crack in the Liberty Bell. And by this I mean to say that liberty is always threatened, that it might split into fragments under too heavy a blow from within or without. Like the bell, it is sound at the center, I believe, but at the edge, on the periphery, it has its faults that could easily destroy it without our vigilance. We need to remember that there has never been perfect liberty for all men in any society though we may have cast and recast in the attempt to get it. I do not want to be counted one of those who forget this most obvious fact of history and experience, so becoming a danger by glossing over the liberty we have because they are so much concerned at its imperfections.

There are some Americans, of good intentions, so much agitated over the repressions and injustices that exist among us that they fail to appreciate the freedom that we have. They note that even eighty years after the Civil War, Negroes are not yet free of the bondage of economic serfdom due to the chance of their black birth. They mark that in some states they are not even free of political serfdom, lacking the opportunity to vote, so remaining dependent on the good will of their rulers even in this land so proud of its democracy. And others call attention to the mockery of the right to vote of the poorest of our land unless we as a nation remove the fear and want that mass unemployment ever threatens. Others are much concerned that certain American citizens are in concentration camps due not to any overt act of theirs proved against them in a court of justice, but rather due to the fact that they were born of Japanese parents.

That I share this concern about these flaws in the liberty of our nation, I believe you all already know. But just now let me emphasize my faith that the heart of our liberty is sound. The crack doesn't reach to the center yet! And though there is a constant threat to liberty in these and other flaws, we must cherish and protect what we have. Even the cracked bell is well worth fighting for. We need not feel ashamed of the idealism nor suppose that it is hypocrisy that we Americans ask men to fight and die for freedom.

There is a difference between the Stars and Stripes and the swastika, between Old Glory and the pennant of the rising sun; and the essence of that difference is the liberty for all the inhabitants of the land over

which our flag waves in sovereignty. What I have said seems so obvious as not to need to be mentioned, let alone argued. And yet there is a danger that any who are conscious of its crack should be thought not to cherish the bell.

With this statement of the obvious, that our free country is well worth living and dying for, let us proceed to examine the crack in the bell. What are the major threats to our liberty? I mention briefly three.

I

There is a grave tendency toward forgetting the God who is the only ground of liberty. Stay with me now even though this may sound like a preacher's pious phrase. No, it is not a pious word; it is a fact. The gravest danger to our liberty is that for a long time now many Americans have forgotten, neglected or rejected the God who was the source and the safeguard of the kind of liberty we have here enjoyed. It was not by chance that my text of the morning was found in two places: on the rim of the Liberty Bell and in the Bible. There was no place else for the molders of our liberty to find it except in the Bible. The conception of liberty for all the people of a land (even of a world) came from God through the Bible. And not only from the New Testament where Christ taught of the universal Fatherhood of God. The roots of the conception start away back in the Old Testament. Moses in the Book of Leviticus is pictured as speaking to the people for Jehovah (whom some would belittle as a tribal deity) and saying to them: "Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger as for one of your own country, for I am Jehovah your God."

It was a brand new idea then. The law that was given, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, is apt to strike us as harsh and cruel even though it was clearly an advance over the desert custom of unrestrained vendetta. But that the law should apply equally to all the inhabitants of the land, the stranger and foreigner as well as to the native son, was an even greater advance and became the foundation for the American conception of liberty.

And if you will note the reason given for having this one and equal law, you will see why it is dangerous to our liberty to forget God. The only reason given is: "for I am Jehovah your God." That is, God doesn't like it when you treat men differently because they are different from you. Therefore, treat all alike with one even law. "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto *all* the inhabitants thereof." And that is about the only cogent fundamental reason for our kind of liberty today. Why not brush aside the rights and desires of the Negro, or the Jew, or the Nisei, if you can get away with it and so provide a much simpler problem of government and of liberty? Why not? There is only one reason. God doesn't like it! And God won't have it!

And just as faith in this God was the source of the idea in the first place, this faith held by a majority of determined Americans today will be its only safeguard. Yes, the first and major threat to our liberty is the tendency toward forgetting—and neglecting and rejecting—the God who is the only ground of such liberty as we have enjoyed and shared.

The other two threats to our liberty which I shall mention are both somewhat dependent on the first.

II

There is an ever-growing tendency to be concerned only with our own liberty or that of our own group, kind or interest. It is true that by national inheritance all Americans love freedom. No king or dictator would have an easy time taking away the rights of the sons of western pioneers, or of the Dodger fans in the Brooklyn bleachers for that matter who have never been west of the Gowanus canal. But the same was and is true of France. For a period almost as long as our American history of liberty it seemed unthinkable to the whole civilized world that the French peasant on his bit of land, the Parisian shopkeeper with his wife at the cashdrawer, or the laborer on the streets of Paris, let alone the intellectuals to whom the world looked for light and inspiration, could succumb to any tyrant rule. But losing his God, the Frenchman began to lose his interest in liberty and equality for anybody but himself. Fraternity was left out. The Chamber of Deputies became a corrupt house made up of blocs of special interests. They still talked of liberty, but it was their own rights only with which they were concerned. And that leads not to liberty confirmed in law, that leads to anarchy.

Unless you who are white are equally concerned with the liberty of the black man and the rights of the Nisei, your own liberty is threatened. Unless you who are employers are equally concerned about the freedom of labor and its rights, free enterprise will surely be lost. Unless you who are laborers are equally concerned about the freedom of the manager to run his business and make it profitable and productive, your own rights are in sharp jeopardy. Don't, my friends, be so foolish as to suppose that anything better than anarchy or tyranny can come in a society in which men and groups are solely concerned with their own liberty.

And we must remember this: Liberty for other people requires you to take the risk that you may be imposed upon. Have you ever become impatient when reading of a criminal trial at great public expense, at the hedging about protections that seem sometimes almost to have been drawn up so that a criminal can't be convicted? Sometimes the police department or the district attorney's office seems to be on trial rather than the accused. No wire tapping, no hearsay evidence, no background of former criminal record allowed to be introduced into the record! Why did our fathers allow this tangled mass of protection to grow up seemingly designed to save the criminal from well due justice? For one reason only, to assure as far as possible that no man shall be punished for a crime *he* did not commit. If we have believed it necessary to go to these extremes to protect under our law

a known gangster from specific injustice, how much more important that you and I should by law and social custom and business practice protect all those in our land whose only "crime" is the color of their skin or the accident of their birth?

I do not know the solution of the so-called Negro problem, the Japanese-American problem, or the labor problem, or the management problem, but I know this: unless we all concern ourselves about the rights of all of our citizens and groups, the fabric of our liberty, which men are dying for, will crack as with the sound of doom!

III

Finally, there are forces loose among us which are the deadly enemies of liberty and which must be fought against and beaten. All of us agree that fascism is the enemy of democracy. But some appear to think that fascism is dangerous only in Germany and Japan.

There was a story told a few weeks ago in *Life* magazine that should dispel such an illusion. A Mr. Yamamoto was hired by a farmer in New Jersey to work on his short-handed farm. He had been investigated by those in our government charged with the responsibility of seeing that any Japanese disloyal to this country are kept in custody. Mr. Yamamoto was found to be a loyal American, anxious to work. According to the law of this free land, he was released to take the job in New Jersey. There is no charge by anybody that Mr. Yamamoto did not behave himself. But the good people of that district in New Jersey took the law into their own hands and Mr. Yamamoto had to leave for his own safety and that of his employer. Such an episode is a disgrace to any free community. I was glad to see that the weight of *Life's* correspondence from service men as well as ordinary citizens was on the side of the harmless Japanese farmer and against those fascist citizens of New Jersey.

But I do not criticize New Jersey. To the shame of us, citizens of California, it is generally predicted that worse would happen here if the government and war department decided it was now safe to allow the return of *any* Japanese to this state. I am told by some that this is too touchy a subject to mention now; that the natural emotions of the war against the Japanese would make it wise to wait until the war is over; that then all will be forgotten and the law and tradition of liberty of our land will see that justice is done. I wish I could be sure. I hope that it may be true.

But today I sound the call for good citizens and good Christians. "Stand up for liberty under equal law for all the inhabitants of the land." Perfect liberty is hard to mold, dear friends. It won't come by miracle nor by neglect. Every crack in it must be guarded by vigilant citizens who believe that God doesn't like injustice and won't have it, who are selfless enough to be concerned for others' liberty; and who are militant against tyranny wherever found either in others or in ourselves.

CHRIST is often pictured as an impractical dreamer, an idealist ignorant of the cold realities of this work-a-day world. That is profoundly untrue. He was the most downright and practical realist the world has ever known. Nineteen centuries of human experience have proved that lives and institutions built on his teachings bear infinite fruit and that those built on an opposing philosophy prove ultimately self-defeating, and perish.

FRANCIS B. SAYRE.

As a physician, I have seen men, after all other therapy had failed, lifted out of disease and melancholy by the serene effort of prayer . . . termed "miracles." But a constant, quieter miracle takes place hourly in the hearts of men and women who have discovered that prayer supplies them with a steady flow of sustaining power in their lives.

ALEXIS CARREL.

A Pastoral Prayer

BY JOHN W. HUTCHINSON

GREAT GOD, whom we seek through all the mystery of life, and to whom we turn in times of greatest need, we now offer Thee our gratitude in the spirit of humility.

Though unseen, Thou art the power which sustains the universe. We praise Thee for the order and constancy of the natural world, for beauty of earth and bounty of fruitful fields. We give Thee the praise for all that ministers to our better life, for home and community, and for the good will of our fellows—often kept from us by our lack of genuine interest in them. We thank Thee for tasks that make us strong, for life's disciplines which inlay character with new strength, and for the losses and griefs which teach us life's fuller meanings.

Here in this house of prayer we would be reminded of our shortcomings, not only for the wrongs we have done but for the low aims we have cherished. Forgive if we have taken too lightly man's inhumanity to man, if we have not been moved by the wrongs committed by the privileged against the weak. Hold not against us the indifference that has involved us in the world's sorrow and shame.

Give us strength and courage to live well, that we may be the doers of the word and not hearers only. In the midst of uncertainty and change and horror keep us loyal to the teachings and spirit of Christ, so that in days and years to come we may have that peace which comes from having tried hard and served well. May we know that Thou art with us in the upper climb to light and life and a better world. We pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Aero-Bugs

A Sermon for Children by Henry H. Schooley

THIS past summer I made the acquaintance of two aero-bugs which daily frequented the rock garden in our churchyard. If you were asked what aero-bugs are I'm sure you would say, "Why, any bugs that have wings and can fly"; and you, of course, would be quite right. But the two aero-bugs which I had a chance to meet and watch this summer were so greatly different in the way they looked and lived that I resolved I would share with you my experience with them.

Being very fond of flowers, I would pause each morning before going into my church study and do a little admiring and weeding of the flowers in our church rock garden. And, you know, almost every morning I would meet two aero-bugs set out on some excursion of making a living. One was brilliantly arrayed in a coat of rainbow colors; while the other had only a fuzzy, brown, almost colorless coat. And yet, as I watched those aero-bugs from day to day, I discovered that they were as different in the way they lived as in the way they looked.

The radiantly arrayed aero-bug would attach itself to some beautiful flower, and there it would remain until it had sapped and eaten away the very heart of beauty and fragrance of the flower. That aero-bug which I have been describing we all come to know today as the Japanese Beetle.

ON A NOBLE MISSION

The other aero-bug, on the other hand, did not remain long on any one flower. It flitted about here and there, taking a smell of this flower and some nectar from that flower. But whatever flower it visited, or whatever it took away, it always left some pollen which, carried from one flower to another, would result in the flowers being fertilized and made stronger and more beautiful. As noble as that mission of living was, that was not the only good this particular aero-bug had to its credit. Out of the nectar it took from the host of flowers it visited, it would make man's most delicious sweets. Now, I am sure I do not need to tell you the name of this aero-bug, for all of us know that it is the busy bee which makes our honey.

Here, then, we have two aero-bugs—a beetle and a bee. One is beautiful to look at, the other not so beautiful. One is bent on living on other things; the other brings life to other things. That is a parable of human life today. It is the same lesson Jesus taught in his parable of the Good Samaritan. When Jesus had finished that parable, you remember, he asked who was neighbor unto him who had fallen among thieves. And the answer was, "He who did show kindness unto him."

AERO-BUGS AND MEN

In this airplane age, many men have become beetles instead of bees. The same airplanes which can fly life-preserving serum to sick people in Alaska are also being used to drop death-taking bombs on other human beings in crowded cities. This destructive nature of man who, as the Bible tells us, was made in the image of God, is due to the fact that the man's soul is not in tune with God's soul. And therefore, to use a term our aviators use today, man is "off the beam" with God. We are reminded of the admonition of the Old Testament writer who said, "Keep your heart with all diligence for out of it come the issues of life." Man who, the psalmist tells us, God created a little lower than the angels and crowned with glory and honor—is he to be likened unto a beetle or a bee—more beautiful without than he is wholesome within, a ruthless taker of life—or a sacrificial giver and sharer of all that makes for life? That is the story two aero-bugs set me to thinking about this past summer as I communed with mother nature.

Timely Verse

Thanksgiving

FOR all things beautiful, and good, and true;
For things that seemed not good yet turned to good;
For all the sweet compulsions of Thy will
That chastened, tried, and wrought us to Thy shape;
For things unnumbered that we take of right,
And value first when they are withheld;
For light and air; sweet sense of sound and smell;
For ears to hear the heavenly harmonies;
For eyes to see the unseen in the seen;
For vision of the Worker in the work;
For hearts to apprehend Thee everywhere—
We thank Thee, Lord.

JOHN OXENHAM.

Who Goes There?

WHO goes there, in the night,
Across the storm-swept plain?
We are the ghosts of a valiant war—
A million murdered men.

Who goes there, at the dawn,
Across the sun-swept plain?
We are the hosts of those who swear—
It shall not be again!

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

These two poems are from *1000 Quotable Poems* and *Poems for Life,* by T. C. Clark. Used with the permission of Willett, Clark & Co., the publishers.

Sermon Outlines *from* PULPIT Readers

Divine Disturbances

Text: Like an eagle stirring up its nestlings, dashing against its brood, spreading its wings to catch them, and carrying them on its pinions.—Deut. 32:11. (American).

I. Introduction—Many are asking today, "Why is God allowing my life to be upset—my home, business, social life?" We cry out in protest. This text offers a clue. The Hebrews had suffered many hardships during their forty years' wandering. Why? As the mother eagle beats against the nest with her wings and forces her brood to fly, then as they tire she swoops under them and carries them back to the nest, so God had forced the Hebrews from Egypt and kept them in the desert, that they might become strong.

II. Body of Sermon—Why does God disturb us? (1) To develop our strength and abilities. Spiritual and moral qualities must be stimulated if they are to grow. God uses severe measures to bring us to maturity. (2) To stir us to new tasks and to new ways of doing old tasks. Under the pressure of these war days, science and industry have discovered new products and new ways of turning out old products. And God is challenging Christians to learn new lessons of cooperation and brotherhood —to banish war and poverty and race hatred. (3) To teach us our own limitations and his strength. In peace and prosperity we overestimate our powers, forgetting God's part in it all. The soldiers at the front are learning to depend more on God, and in our homes God has become a real presence to many.

III. Conclusion—Divine disturbances come to every life. They come with a purpose. We are not always to blame for these divine disturbances, but we are responsible for what they do to us.

(W. Theodore Allen, Ontario, Calif.)

If God Is Your Friend

Text: And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for, said he, I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.—Gen. 32:30.

I. Introduction—In the story of Jacob wrestling with God (Gen. 32:22-32) Jacob did not know his opponent until the struggle was over. "I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved," said Jacob. And as he passed over the brook, says the story, "the sun rose upon him."

II. Body of Sermon—This story represents three stages in one's contact with God. (1) The struggle against God, the unknown. God in the vast unsearchable universe. God in the depths of one's inner life. Illustration—story of Alpine traveler and guide. They hear the terrifying thunderings of melting snow and ice. "Is the world coming to an end?" asks the fearful traveler. "No," replies the guide, "it is only the dawn of a new day." So with Jacob: without struggle there can be no blessing with the dawn. (2) God's struggle for us and his subsequent revelation. Poem —Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven." God is not indifferent. Illustration—Marc Connelly's "Green Pastures." De Lawd recalls Hosea's words, "Did he mean that even God must suffer?" God suffers with man. If God suffers with us we can endure even the sufferings and heartache of this war. (3) Our acknowledgment of God and alliance with him in the task of building his Kingdom in the world. In the struggle Jacob received a new name, Israel, which was also the name of a whole people. A better world depends on our finding God one by one until all of us together know him.

III. Conclusion—Jacob's rugged individualism gave way in his struggle with God. Warning for us in A. N. Whitehead's phrase, "He who will not have God as a friend, will one day meet him as an enemy." Though the night be long, dawn comes with a blessing and the vision of God. It was said of Jacob, "And the sun rose upon him as he passed over." And it is always so with us if God is our friend.

(Louis E. Higgins, Associate Minister Nardin Park Methodist Church, Detroit, Mich.)

Toward Better Speech

A Free Forum for the Discussion Of Slips of Speech or Manner

Different Than—"Do you want to be any *different than* you are tonight?" the speaker asks. Better to reconstruct the sentence, using different *from.*

Sizoo and Asch—These are ***SI-zoh*** or ***SIGH-zoh*** not SI-zoo), and ***AHSH,*** with the broad "a." What proper names do readers of this column hear mispronounced?

New York State: When I read your column (September) I was much concerned as to how you arrived at the pronunciations you give. I looked up each of the seven words in Webster's Dictionary and found you correct in only one word. . . . *Comment:* The paragraph was headed, "Errors," with corrections following. The preferred pronunication (according to the dictionaries) is always printed in bold type in this column.

Ohio: (1) Our best preachers and writers confuse the noun "hatred" with the verb "to hate." Just today in reading ...., ..., ..., and ....., I came across this error. One says, "Divine love shall conquer sin and hate." The world is not full of ***hate,*** as many say, but full of ***hatred.*** (2) And this. How much is ***so*** much? So glad, so sorry, so busy! ***So*** should not be used for ***very.*** (3) One does not feel badly unless one is blind and is feeling for a door knob. . . . It is correct to say, "I feel bad," when one is ill or disturbed.

New York State: In discussing the method of having the congregation rise to sing, you propose that it be trained to rise with the choir as the organist begins the last verse of the introductory stanza. I should like to suggest that it makes for a better beginning if the congregation and choir rise at the beginning of the preceding verse. Then the noise and confusion incident to the change in position are all over, and the organist plays one more phrase in what is otherwise perfect quiet, and the congregation is ready for the very first word. *Comment:* Either way. Most congregations which we have observed rise at the beginning of the last. Our Pennsylvania correspondent was concerned that the leader of worship should not "wave his hands." (2) Can you do anything to persuade preachers not to say "forgive us OF our sins" instead of simply "forgive us our sins," or "forgive us for our sins"? *Comment:* We have testimony that some who did make this error have changed.

Contributions for possible use in this column should be sent to

Aubrey N. Brown,
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A Service of Intercession in Time of War

By F. Stanley Sellick

Prayers and Responses by Henry Sloane Coffin

Prelude: "To an American Soldier"..... .....Van Denman Thompson

Processional Hymn: "God of the Nations" (Tune, Toulon) ..... *Bowie*

(Congregation standing)

Prayer:

We exalt Thee, O God, for Thy providence over us in the years that are past. We remember with gratitude those who have nobly lived and died to make this nation truly great and this world a place more pleasing in Thy sight. We bow in humble confession of our failure that has brought us again to the bitter experience of war. We petition Thee for those who bear the world's awful pain. We pray for Thy Spirit to quicken our faith and strengthen our wills that we may truly serve Thee today and in the years to come. Hear us and save us, O Lord.

Anthems

(1) "Intercession" .....*Ralph Marryott*
"To Thee our God above, through Him whose name we love . . ."

(2) "Intercessory Hymn".....*Edward German*
"Father Omnipotent! Protect us, we pray Thee . . ."

Prayers of Intercession—For Minister and People

O righteous Lord, whose balance trieth the nations, we humble ourselves before Thee for the cruelty and strife of our world. We acknowledge our part, and our country's part, in the pride and greed which have arrayed nation against nation, and race against race. We confess ourselves guilty of the neglect which has allowed the weak to be enslaved, and of the indifference which has suffered justice to be trampled by tyrants.

Have mercy upon us, O Lord, and lead us to know and obey Thy Law.

Most loving Father, we remember before Thee the victims of aggression—those whose lands have been seized and whose liberties have been crushed, the homeless, the hungry, the despoiled and the despairing, those forced to labor for their oppressors, and all who have been outraged in soul.

Have compassion upon them, good Lord, and grant us sympathy to know their grief and carry their woe.

O God of Thine ancient people, Israel, who in them didst bless mankind, and from among them didst raise up the prophets, and of their seed after the flesh didst give to the world Thy Son, we pray Thee for all Jews now scorned and persecuted. Bring home to our conscience our grievous sin if we have given place in our minds to the prejudice by which a whole people has been abused, and out of which has come the savagery that has murdered multitudes. Enable us to succor them and any others of Thy children who may be rescued from the hands of their destroyers, and not to close to them the door to freedom, lest we also come under condemnation for the hardness of our hearts.

Cause us, O God, to know our debt to Thy people Israel, and in the hour of their bitter misery draw out our souls to them in the love of Christ.

O God of justice, who hast knit the United Nations to resist those who grasp at power and seek to dominate mankind, cleanse us and our allies from purposes which we denounce in others. Keep us sensitive in conscience and loyal to the generous aims we profess. Grant us appreciation of one another's excellencies, and the honesty to see and the will to amend the faults in ourselves which irritate them. Hold before our peoples the vision of a commonwealth of free and friendly nations, and make us obedient to that vision through toil and blood and tears.

Search us, O God, and know our thoughts; remove any wicked way in us; and lead us in the way of uprightness.

O all-wise God, who waitest to bless the children of men beyond all that they ask or think, pour out upon our leaders Thy Spirit of counsel and understanding. Take from them all self-seeking, and preserve them from jealousy or hatred of other peoples. Keep them faithful to their highest designs, that resolute under adversity and uncorrupted by success, they may establish the future of the nations on such sure foundations as shall be revealed in the light which comes from Thee.

Hear our prayer for our leaders, O Lord of heaven and earth. Amen.

Anthem: "Lord, We Cry to Thee for Aid"..... ..... *Zwingli-Dickinson*

The Honor Roll: Members in the Service of Their Country

Quartet: "For All Who Watch Tonight"..... ..... *Clarence Dickinson*

Prayers of Intercession—For Minister and People

O Father, in whose sight the life and death of Thy children are precious, we commend unto Thee the men in our armed forces, and especially those in hazardous service on land or sea or in the air. If it be possible, spare lives sorely needed for the rebuilding of the world. Kindle high resolve and consecration in workers on farms and in factories and mines, and dedicate all our people that we may not fail the men who battle. Keep this nation sober in thought and clean in life that its sacrifice be unsullied; and let every mind be attentive to Thy voice in this day of our visitation that we may know the things which belong to our peace and to the peace of the world.

We place in Thy hands, O Father, our land's imperiled sons and daughters.

Father of mercies and God of all comfort, we commit to Thy loving kindness the wounded, the sick, the prisoners, both of our own forces and of our enemies'. Give courage to those at home who are anxious, and uphold those who receive word of loved ones missing or slain.

This service was used in November of last year in Mr. Sellick's church, First Congregational, Stratford, Conn. It will have suggestion for other ministers who are planning for such a service this autumn. The prayers and responses are by Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, who wrote them for use at Union Seminary. They have more recently been published in the magazine *Christianity and Crisis*.—The Editors.

By all the pain and loss of these evil years bind nations in a fellowship of suffering: lead them to repentance for the sins which have brought conflict; and turn them diligently to seek the paths of righteousness, which alone are paths of peace.

Lift up the light of Thy countenance, O Lord, upon Thy servants in pain or fear, and heal the hurt of the nations.

O gracious God, whose compassion reaches out to all who need Thee, give patience and tact and untiring devotion to those who minister to the bodies and spirits of the men in our army and navy; to chaplains, to doctors and nurses, and to all others who counsel the perplexed, befriend the lonely and encourage those who in the face of hardship and danger seek faith in Thee. Bless their ministries both under the strain of war and in the trials of peace, that our country's sons, together with this whole people, may continue in good heart and hope to make sacrifices that impoverished lands may be restored and a world arise not unworthy of the lives laid down for its creation.

Hear our prayer for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

O God of hope, who hast implanted in many hearts the desire for a new earth, where Thy good gifts shall be more fairly shared, where man shall neither envy nor exploit his brother, where nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and where every people shall enrich the commonweal with that in which it excels, assure us that no desire of man is too good for Thee to fulfill. Grant to our generation the wisdom to plan and the power to achieve an order which shall protect all nations from fear and from want, and secure to them freedom to grow in knowledge and in faith in Thee.

Answer our prayer according to Thy will, O God.

O God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who by his life and cross and living presence with his followers hast created and empowered his Church to discharge the ministry of reconciliation, hold in one body all Christian folk despite the enmities of nations, that they may be one household of faith and love, and may witness to Thy gospel of peace. Break down the divisions among Thy people; increase their understanding and affection; and let Thy Word on the lips of Thine ambassadors rebuke bitterness, abase arrogance, remove barriers of race and class, and draw men everywhere to Thee and to one another in that love which is the bond of perfectness.

Send down Thy Spirit upon Thy Church, O God of love and might, to make all nations disciples of Thy Son. Amen.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS: "The Dawn of Peace"..
.....*Walter Gale*
"Pray for the dawn of peace! . . ."

PRAYER:

God of wisdom, enlighten us; God of mercy, forgive us;
God of power, strengthen us; God of courage, invigorate us;
God of love, uplift us; God of peace, surround us;
That we may be wholly Thine in the victory of faith forever.

To the Lord our God belongeth mercy and forgiveness and power and courage and love, whose salvation is never far from the contrite heart. Turn unto Him ye nations and be ye saved.

ANTHEM: "Turn Back, O Man".....*Gustav Holst*
"Turn back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways—"

HYMN: "God Bless Our Native Land" (Tune, America) ..... *Mahlman-Brooks*
(Congregation standing)

PRAYER (Congregation seated and bowed)

CHORAL BENEDICTION.....*Claude Means*

O Eternal God, through whose mighty power our fathers won their liberties of old: Grant, we beseech Thee, that we and all the people of this land may have grace to maintain these liberties in righteousness and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

God's Dreams

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

DREAMS are they—but they are God's dreams!
Shall we decry them and scorn them?
That men shall love one another,
That white shall call black man brother,
That greed shall pass from the market place,
That lust shall yield to love for the race,
That man shall meet with God face to face—
Dreams are they all,
But shall we despise them—
God's dreams!

Dreams are they—to become man's dreams!
Can we say nay as they claim us?
That men shall cease from their hating,
That war shall soon be abating,
That the glory of kings and lords shall pale,
That the pride of dominion and power shall fail,
That the love of humanity shall prevail—
Dreams are they all,
But shall we despise them—
God's dreams!

This poem was written early in 1917 and was first published in the May 10 issue (1917) of The Christian Century. Since its publication it has been continually reprinted and quoted. Since the outbreak of the Second World War it has been increasingly popular, and is perhaps found in print and quoted over the radio more than any other religious poem. It is the title poem of the author's new book—God's Dreams and Other Poems.

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

DURING the past five years Rev. VICTOR M. RHEIN has ministered at Pilgrim Congregational Church, Oak Park, Ill. In earlier years he was assistant minister at Broadway Tabernacle, New York, and minister of First Congregational Church, South Norwalk, Conn. He received his B.D. from Union Seminary. He served as an exchange preacher in Great Britain and was a leader at the Amsterdam Conference.

Rev. BENJAMIN F. FARBER *received his later* education at Princeton University and Seminary. He was minister of the Woodward Avenue Presbyterian Church, Detroit, during the last war, and later of Sixth Church, Pittsburgh. Since 1926 he has lead the activities of Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York. For a number of years he has been a member of Princeton Seminary's board of trustees and now serves as its secretary. In 1938-40 he was moderator of the Presbytery of New York.

For many years a radio preacher on the N. B. C. network, Rev. FREDERICK K. STAMM now ministers at First Congregational Church, Chicago. From 1929-43 he was pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational and Clinton Avenue Community churches, Brooklyn. In earlier years he was a minister of the Reformed Church fellowship, with a pastorate of nearly twenty years at Dayton, Ohio. Author of several books, Dr. Stamm is issuing a new one this autumn under the title *One Man's Religion.* He has recently become a member of the staff of the *Twentieth Century Quarterly.* The sermon by Dr. Stamm in this issue was recently delivered over the N. B. C. network.

Dr. FRED EASTMAN *has been professor of biography,* literature and drama at Chicago Theological Seminary since 1926, and of the federated theological faculty, University of Chicago, since 1943. He is recognized as an authority on motion pictures and religious drama. He is the author of many dramas and drama compilations, and has written a number of other books, including a popular series of biographies. His later education was received at the College of Wooster, Columbia U. and Union Seminary.

Ordained in the Episcopal Church, following studies at the College of the Pacific, Sorbonne University and the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, Rev. ELMER S. FREEMAN served parishes in California, the Hawaiian Islands and New York State. Resigning orders in the Episcopal Church, he studied at Chicago Theological Seminary and became pastor of Essex Community Church, Chicago, in 1937. He has ministered at First Congregational Church, Menasha, Wis., for the past year.

A graduate of Princeton University, Rev. EUGENE C. BLAKE has ministered at the Presbyterian Church in Pasadena, Calif., since 1940. Earlier pastorates were in New York city and Albany, N. Y. He was visiting lecturer in religion at Williams College, 1938-40.

Rev. JOHN W. HUTCHINSON *is minister of West* Presbyterian Church, Bridgeton, N. J.

Rev. HENRY H. SCHOOLEY *is secretary and super-*intendent of churches of the Universalist Convention.

Rev. F. STANLEY SELLICK *is minister of First Con-*gregational Church, Stratford, Conn.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

JAMES C. PERKINS, First Congregational, Niagara Falls, N. Y. "The Secret of Christian Courage." Acts 4:13—"Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marveled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."

HOOVER RUPERT, Methodist, Olathe, Kan. "Courage that Conquers." Isa. 8:12—"Neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid."

JOSEPH B. MOHR, Lutheran, Egypt, Pa. "The Peril of Indifference." Rev. 3:15, 16—"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

N. A. MCCUNE, Peoples Church, East Lansing, Mich. "The Wonder of Life." Psalm 119:18—"Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

H. C. WILKINSON, First Methodist, Charlotte, N. C. "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night." Isa. 21:6—"Set your spirit on the watch, to tell what it can see." (Moffatt)

HOWARD B. WARREN, Embury Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Be Fair to Your Best Self." Nahum 2:1—"Strengthen your forces to the utmost." (American)

BRUCE M. LAMBERT, First Baptist, Rensselaer, N. Y. "The Fruits of Sacrifice." John 12:24—"Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit."

MITCHELL S. EPPERSON, First Presbyterian, Ada, Okla. "Beyond the Lean Horizons of Today." Gen. 12:1—"Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee."

ERDMANN SMITH, Delmar Baptist, St. Louis, Mo. "The Gospel of Labor." Mark 13:34—". . . to every man his work."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

Title of sermon .....

Text used (write out the text) .....

Name of minister .....

Name of church .....

Address .....

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

THE Dumbarton Oaks plan for a world organization to prevent and suppress war stirs mixed feelings in me. I had hoped for something better, stronger, less grudging, more "all out for peace." Instead, we are given a charter whose central concept is a military alliance of three great powers—the United States, Russia and Great Britain—who propose to enforce peace everywhere in the world but will not subject themselves to the law which they agree to impose on all other nations. We had every right to expect something better to come out of the awful travail of the present war. But the plan as announced discloses the fact that in more than a month of deliberation the three dominant powers could not rise above their fears and, perhaps, their concealed ambitions, and fashion forthrightly new principles for a new world. Yet I believe our country should enter the new league which is to be called "The United Nations." It is less than "half a loaf," but it is, nevertheless, bread. In broad outline the plan conforms closely to the defunct League of Nations. But there are specific divergences which space will not permit me to point out. Some of these are an improvement, others are an impairment. But any plan can be made good if the will behind it is good. That is what we must now work for—the creation and release of mankind's will for justice and peace. "Great trees from little acorns grow." Into our hands has fallen an acorn from Dumbarton Oaks. Let us plant it and watch it grow. Aye, and help it grow!

An Acorn Falls From Dumbarton Oaks

The Book of the Month

THE PREDICAMENT OF MODERN MAN. *By D. Elton Trueblood. Harpers, $1.00.*

THIS little book is a gem whose facets reflect the light of the best modern thinking on the moral state of the Western world. I have not found in such small compass so penetrating an insight into the predicament in which our generation finds itself. The predicament is this: Modern man has built up a complex civilization by the aid of science and mechanism, but "he may lose it because in his proud hour of achievement he has so largely lost or has never developed the inner resources that are needed to keep a possible boon from becoming a calamity." The inner resources which Dr. Trueblood says are needed are not merely ethical ideals but religious faith and positive Christian conviction. "The terrible danger of our time consists in the fact that ours is a *cut-flower civilization.*" Such flowers die "because they are severed from their sustaining roots. We are trying to maintain the dignity of the individual apart from the deep faith that every man is made in God's image and is therefore precious in God's eyes." The author does not refer alone to the world outside the church, but to the church itself. He shows how tenuous and impotent is the faith of most Christians. The twentieth century Christian "admits that he believes in a moral order, that he believes in religion, and that he believes in the Christian religion. But there he stops. He claims to be a shareholder in the Christian corporation, but the stock has been watered almost to the vanishing point and is held, moreover, by absentee owners." I give you just this taste of a great little book. The author's treatment of the church in the last chapter leaves me unsatisfied, but despite this ingredient of alloy, his analysis of what ails us is so sound and revealing that the book is worth its weight in gold.

A Thought for the Month

FAITH and belief are not the same, but they are inseparable—they are always found together. There is an element of faith in all honest belief. Reason by itself never leads to absolutely positive conclusions. Its most positive affirmations are reinforced by a certain degree of faith. This is true of all our knowledge, including all scientific knowledge. On the other hand, there is no such thing as pure faith unmixed with cognitive beliefs. These beliefs may exist at the front of the mind as the conscious reasons for faith. Or they may exist at the back of the mind as the more or less unconscious presuppositions of faith. In either case, faith is inextricably tied in with beliefs, that is, with ideas or concepts. In a word, faith always exists in the framework of an ideology. There is a strong current running through the contemporary church which is directed toward the separation of faith and belief. It discounts the importance of belief. It gives to faith a priority and pre-eminence. In its extreme form it actually discards belief as unimportant and reduces Christianity to pure faith or pure love in which positive rational convictions have no essential part. You can identify this type of thought by its frank contempt for theology. Jesus is represented as a good man and a great moral teacher who knew nothing and cared less about theology. This is utterly erroneous. Jesus' whole outlook, his faith, his teachings and his manner of life were interfused with theological ideas. Moreover, the faith of the first Christians was a theological faith. They believed something *about* Jesus, and their belief supported their faith in him. The church has made a mistake in setting up orthodox beliefs as a test of fellowship, but this mistake is not corrected by discounting or discarding belief. It can be corrected only by cultivating and clarifying our beliefs within the fellowship which we enjoy in the household of faith.

Faith and Belief

Charles Clayton Morrison

Preaching in a Revolutionary Age

G. BROMLEY OXNAM

A world traveler who has long interested himself in social, industrial and international problems, Bishop Oxnam is uniquely qualified to speak of the revolutionary implications of Christianity. This new book, the substance of which was delivered this year as the Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale, gears religion to the tempo of the new age. Revolutionary changes in our mode of life are imminent, according to Bishop Oxnam, but the Christian faith is made for a revolutionary age, and it can keep pace. Further, it is the preacher of the gospel who must point the way. Here is mental and spiritual stimulation for both minister and layman.

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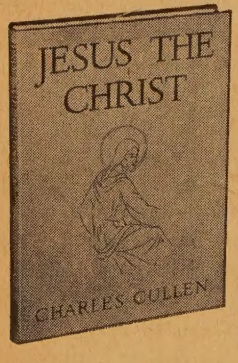

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